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FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1913.

NEAR-SIGHTED FOLKS ON LIBRARY PLAN.

Richmond can, for about $40,000, acquire a $75,000 library building and 150 feet of the college property on new Grace Street. At the end of ten years the value of the building and the appreciated value of the property would be around $40,000. In short, for the interest on the bonds for $40,000, or about $1,500 a year, Richmond could rent a beautiful library, museum, neighborhood assembly room, municipal dance-hall and small auditorium. If $10,000 were appropriated annually for the support of this great public service, the total cost would be $12,000, and we would come into the class of real cities instead of remaining imitation. It looks good, doesn't it? Yet, if you understand Richmond, and have your ear close to the ground, you will hear objections. Not a person has voiced any reason against the plan to us, but we know that the Council, Board and people are thinking about as follows, according to their class.

The narrow-minded labor class (not the ones with vision) say: "What do we want our money spent on a fancy lot of books way off in the West End for high-brows, rich men and old ladies? Why don't they put it where we can get a chance?" Yet a library is the poor man's one opportunity outside of the schools to get on in the world. Once start a library anywhere and it will spread until books are at hand for every section.

The merely selfish business men (who are, as a class, more short-sighted than any other) say: "Well, here's a shrewd scheme to unload an old building and sell some ground for the college and real estate dealers. Trying to make the city a goat." The building cost $41,000 to erect, and the ground is now selling at $200 a foot. These gentlemen ought to look the proposition over.

The political authorities will say: "If we buy this land, what effect will it have on our future as officeholders and job givers? Is the fellow who has the vote and whom we need interested in this scheme? If not, table it, forget it, laugh at it." That they are supposed to be legislating for the children, the bookless, the ignorant, and helping these to pleasure and information, does not concern such gentlemen.

The old school aristocrats will say: "What do we want with a library? Books are for the wealthy and cultured. The poor ought to work, and we have our private libraries. Besides, it would be a shame to have a lot of dirty people parading around in this nice quiet residential section." The aristocrat's idea of democracy is naturally weak, and he hates to have a poor man help himself by learning. The aristocrat wants to pass help out paternally as charity.

There are other viewpoints equally false and narrow, but these are enough to show what is the matter with Richmond. Each section is pulling against the other. Nobody has a big, noble, social ideal of civic life, wherein all classes are human brothers working for the glory of their common city. In Richmond no idea is welcomed as a boon and blessing, nor do the united people get behind things.

Here is a cold proposition to get a library for almost nothing. It will take $40,000 in bonds and, say, $12,000 a year for support. Can Richmond for once think of why it should be done instead of why it should not be done?

In conclusion, a hint, based on the small way of looking: Any councilman who wants to pull off a good advertising scheme for himself ought to investigate the opportunity to push a plan for giving Richmond a public library without cost. It can be put through by a skilled politician. Second, any mild homeopathic philanthropist, who wants to do a good deed and perhaps make a bit of money on the side, should investigate. He can buy 150 feet on Grace Street and a fine building for about $40,000. He can let the city use it as a library, in his name, for ten years, and then sell the land at if it had been a speculation. How's that?

WOMEN WHO WANT WORK.

We return to the woman who must support herself and does not know where to begin, or for what she is fitted. Our correspondent whose letter is printed had one person in mind. To widen the inquiry, we suggest the discussion of that interesting class of women in the South, aged between twenty-eight and forty, who, by death or failure to marry, are left without support. They must either depend on relatives or earn a living. Once, the relatives would have hastened to give such a home, and the women would have accepted without hesitancy. Times change. Relatives are not so ready to furnish asylum, and, glory be, women are not so ready to become parasites. Failure to marry often proves that point. What shall they do and how?

We all agree that the young generation is being trained in vocational work that should help to make both girls and boys self-supporting. That leaves the case for those who have already missed such training, or on account of faulty ideals have refused it and neglected to fit themselves during the summer of prosperity for the winter of dire distress.

The suggestion given before was that "They get out and hustle." That is objected to as a "glorious twentieth century expression." We are glad to agree that it is. It is glorious and it is modern. It sounds hazy, but it means all that can be meant. Ask the most practical business man you know for a formula for success. He will tell you to get a job and hustle. That is all he can tell you.

Let us define "hustle." Our correspondent says that the woman in question is mature, and so has lost the nimbleness of fingers and mind required by stenographers. If she is physically or mentally unfit, of course the whole argument is nonsense. She ought to be supported by friends or by an institution. Otherwise age should not prevent hustling. For instance, a woman of forty, the mother of four children, who runs a house, makes the family clothes, performs much unpaid social service, and has many demands on her time and strength, borrowed a typewriter this winter, got a book of instructions and learned the touch system of writing in two months by practicing in her odd moments, say an hour a day. Her fingers were not too stiff, because she had grit and worked. We know another woman, divorced at forty, who conducts a rooming-house and also works about six months a year as a saleswoman and model in a millinery house. It takes grit and nerve and hustle, also tears and tired nerves and muscles. Yet she lives, and is not a parasite.

The woman who wants work can get it, and be treated with perfect courtesy. We suggest by any so situated a careful inventory of her abilities and training, and a search for eight hours a day until they get some sort of an opening. A 20-cent want ad in the papers stating the facts will open something usually. When a job paying $50 a month is secured, then let her estimate her talents against the market for labor, and study at nights to acquire what she needs to better her station.

That is hustling. That is what men do. They hide pride and begin at the bottom. Few men are really taught to make a living even in the professions. They learn it by harsh and bitter experience. The man we are most familiar with was thrown out of college as an innocent, ignorant boy of eighteen into a newspaper office, and his first assignment was to report a cheap prize-fight on a river steamboat, so held to avoid the police. The boat got back after midnight, and he had to run a half-mile in July to get his copy in on time.

That is hustling. It's the only thing that counts for man or woman, white or black, high-brow or rough-neck. It is the only thing that counts, not because it gets the money, but because it makes the soul.

THE TEMPERATE ROOSEVELT.

Just as a good, plain, virile, upstanding man, the Colonel seems to measure up. In his relation to policies, and parties, and promises, and progress and prophecy, we differ from him. His attitude toward society and politics gets confused and dubious. His ego distorts his perspective. In his attitude toward himself and his body, and toward the thing we call life, he is inspiring. His ideas of temperance make right good reading. He has been temperate because alcohol would have interfered with his nerves and his general efficiency. He did not need boosters and eye-openers and night-caps, because he kept in condition, and let nature and good food and exercise and sleep do his boosting, eye-opening and nightcapping for him.

His temperance is founded on the surest and most fundamental temperance cause. He refused to drink, not because others hated it, or because it had done great hurt to millions of men, or to keep his social status, or for any outside reason. He refused to drink because he did not want to forego self-control and efficiency. The law that is in a man is the one that will do most for him. No outside prohibition is as strong as the inside pride.

Not all men, or even most men, can fool with liquor. They cannot be trusted with light wines, a rare julep, or the festal champagne. They have not enough strength of soul or self-respect to be temperate. They can only be abstainers or sots.

The testimony by which Mr. Roosevelt seeks to establish his sobriety is typical. He shows himself under conditions of strain or intimacy that must have revealed any drunkenness. When none is revealed he takes it that he has proved his point. He says no man can talk, ride, swim, play tennis, keep in condition as I have done and as these men know I did, and be a drinker. There is a lesson there bigger than Bryan's grape-juice, though Bryan's tremendous vigor points the same moral.

WHY IT WILL BE COMPOSED.

In the London Daily Mail, Lovat Fraser, generally accepted "authority on Eastern affairs," is absolutely optimistic respecting the outcome of the American-Japanese issue. Leading up to expression of opinion that "it may be taken for granted that the present differences between Japan and the United States will in some way be composed, and defending the position that a conflict at this juncture would ruin Japan, Mr. Fraser marshals cogent and intelligent reasons for the faith that is in him.

Mr. Fraser admits that Japan might take Hawaii and the Philippines, but cui bono? She knows, he argues, that the United States would push forward the completion of the Panama Canal, spend its vast resources in building an invincible armada of dreadnaughts, and devote all of its incomparable energies to winning back its lost possessions. Japan knows, he continues, that the ultimate outcome would never be in doubt, as far as the near future is concerned; that the United States would not accept a transient defeat; and she is equally well aware, he positively asserts, that the Western world would not lend her any more money to build ships and to back a war based on such an issue as the California land bill.

More than that, and apart from the fact that the people are now groaning under heavy taxation, and Tokyo has its hands full with pacification in Formosa and Korea, Mr. Fraser points out what military critics and reviewers of the Russo-Japanese conflict concede, that Japan "fought herself to a standstill in her war with Russia, and had the fighting continued a few months longer, the result might have been reversed."

Last, but not least, and one of the most potential reasons for conviction that Japan will halt ere provoking war, is, as Mr. Fraser sees it, that it would after all be a war "deliberately fought to challenge the world's supremacy of the white races, and in such a cause the white races would immediately unite." Mr. Fraser is convinced that although they would not all fight, they would not help Japan. In other words, Japan would be left without physical or moral support, without financial support or sympathy; for "the welfare of America means more to the white races than the welfare of Asia."

And this latter view of the wide scope of the issue and Mr. Fraser's reasoning is most strongly, most interestingly and significantly buttressed by the London Spectator, in discussing the proposition that in the event of war Great Britain would, under the Anglo-Japanese alliance, be obligated to side with Japan. That contemporary in so many words foreshadows that if, peradventure, such obligation exists, and it doubts it, British public sentiment would force denouement of the pact—that the old doctrine, "blood is thicker than water," would become regnant.

After picturing "Englishmen fighting with an Asiatic race against their kith and kin," a condition "terrible to contemplate," and asserting that "sympathy in the British dominions, particularly in Canada and Australia, would unquestionably be American," the Spectator says: "We doubt where the empire could survive such an outrage to its feelings. It's a large and important part of its white population."

And again: "We do not exaggerate, we are sure, in saying that opinion in the British empire would never tolerate taking up arms against the United States." Sustained as he is by the Spectator as to the real and vital issue that would be involved in the end, and the influences that would contribute to alienating help from Japan, it would seem that Mr. Fraser has made a conclusive case for peace, based on the racial question, to say nothing of the other potent considerations he presents as insuring that the difficulty will be composed.

AN IMMORTAL BEST-SELLER.

Who reads "Trilby" now? Where is the slang of yesteryear that once made the fame of the classic lines of a model's foot common in every gamin's vocabulary? Only the play produced now and again, as admirably in Richmond this week, tells a new generation of novel readers that bitter-sweet story of Paris and youth woven in golden splendor by brave Du Maurier's pen. The book "Trilby" is a far finer thing than any play about the book will ever be. Yet no one speaks her name. It is the sorry case of a great novel temporarily lost because it became a best-seller.

"Trilby" was advertised and parodied and popularized into oblivion. It became so common that people lost a sense of its genius. When cigars and gowns and horses and every catch-penny thing in the world bears the name of a beautiful heroine, we are like to fall on the familiarity that breeds contempt. Yet it is a fact that when most of the books that have waxed and waned in favor in the two decades since "Trilby's" heyday, will have been lost in dusty time, that heart-moving epic of youth will live and delight eternal youth. Forgetfulness for a generation has not spoiled the magic of that picture of human life. It will revive, and there will be new devotees before the shrine of the grisette who sang like a miracle and wept like a woman over her sins.

Read it again, and live. It has romance, and Paris, and art, and spirit such as never gleam in modern stories. When the gray-haired Geckko comes back and weeps in the cafe where once Little Billee and Taffy and the Laird and Trilby loved and sang, the reader weeps, too, and from his heart. This book made immortal for English people the spirit of the true Latin Quartier. Its best-selling will soon be forgotten, and then it will come into the rightful heritage of a great novel that pictured real people in scenes of emotion and truth.

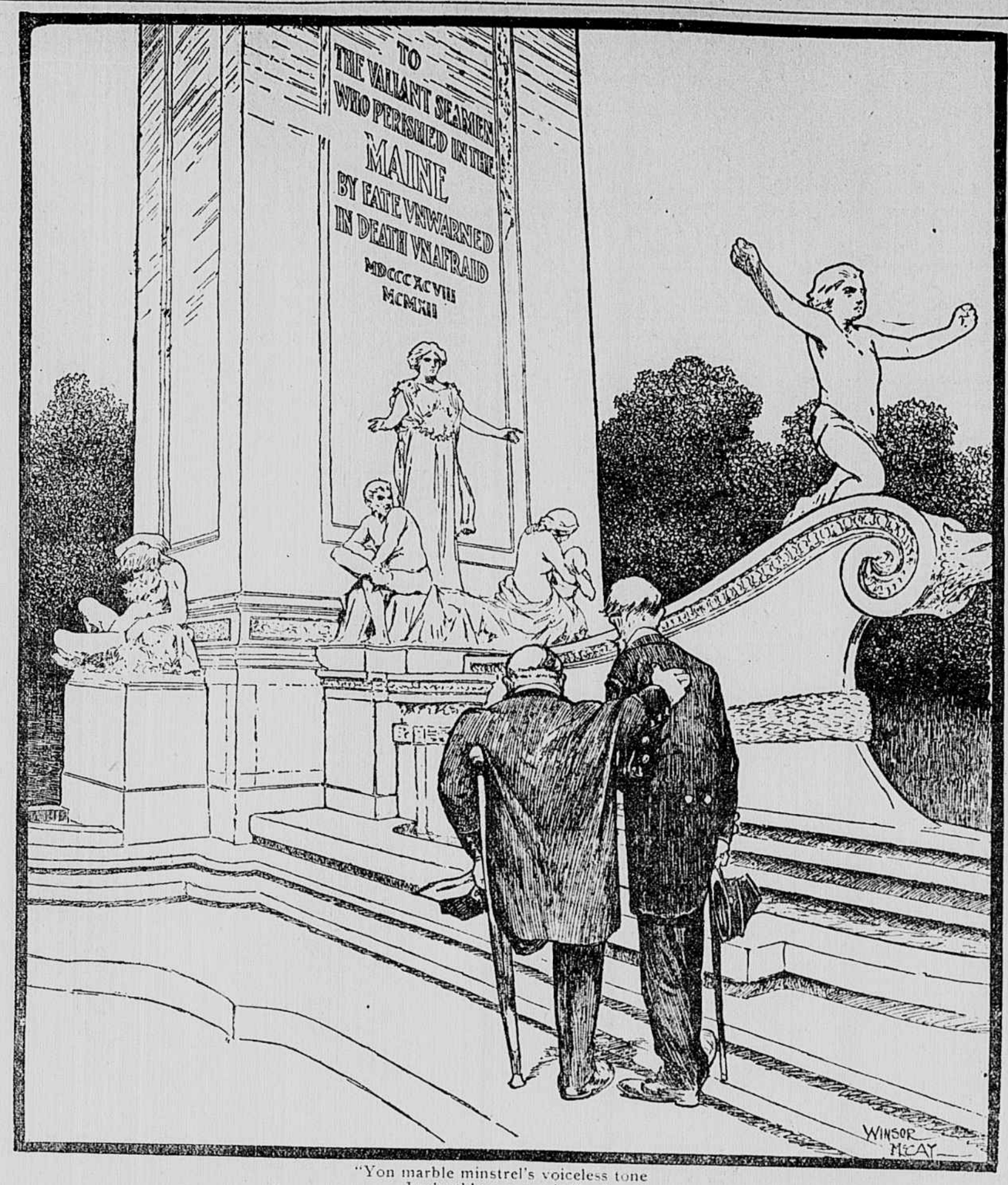
The long spell in May need not try to become infinity.

The Colonel says he took a drink when he was chilled through. That must mean the night of the retreat from Armageddon.

The rain seems to have taken our recent remarks in its favor too literally.

Will the Colonel now sue Senator Bob La Follette for a few of the unkind things said about his stealing of the Senator's Progressive thunder?

THEY WERE OUR SONS



"Yon marble minstrel's voiceless tone
In deathless song shall tell
When many a vanished age hath flown
The story how ye fell."

—From Theodore O'Hara's "Bivouac of the Dead."

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

Metamorphosis.

When the statesmen go to Washington
They are brimful of reform.
They are for the common people
And they rant and rave and storm.

Diagnosing the conditions,
They set forth the people's ills,
And they load the good old hopper
With their remedial bills.

For two weeks in January
They kick up an awful dust,
And they blow until you're fearful
That they're really going to bust.

Then they quiet down serenely
And no longer tear their hair.
And the folks in February
Wonder if they still are there.

Then the statesmen are forgotten
Till, along in June, we learn
That the legislative body's
Getting ready to adjourn.

It is easy to make speeches
And of grave reforms to shout,
But it's somewhat different when it
Comes to carryin' 'em out.

Promises are stock in trade with
Statesmen who are seeking fame,
But old Ultimate Consumer
Keeps on digging just the same.

From the Hickeyville Clarion.

Some fellers are full of hope and others are full of dope.

There are one million microbes on each foot of a housefly, so when you swat a fly you also swat four million microbes by actual count.

Vice-President Marshall has been warned not to talk very much, but what if he does? Nobuddy will know it.

When it comes to the expense of sendin' a package, the express company is deadlier than the mail.

Kansas gals have decided that they won't marry men who smoke, chew, drink, play cards or use profanity. Gosh! There will be a lot of old maids in Kansas.

The Department of Agriculture will send out one million cook books and, by gravy, there ain't nothing that this country needs more unless it is something to cook.

A feller came through this section and tried to sell Old Man Hicks a hoss. "This hoss goes ten miles without stoppin'," he said. "Well," replied Old Man Hicks, "I don't want a hoss that goes ten miles without stoppin'. I only live eight miles from town and I don't want to walk back two miles every time."

Elmer Jones's landlady wouldn't let him practice on his slide trombone in the house, so he stuck the end of the trombone out'n the window and the wind blowed into the outside end of the trombone faster than Elmer could blow it out, and the result was that the music died somewhere inside of the horn, and was never heard.

Tire Trouble.

We have often thought that it was a very lucky thing for Job that he never had an automobile or that ancient worthy would never have gained the terrific reputation for patience which made him famous.

Job had many troubles, but he never experienced the daddy of 'em all—tire trouble.

Tire trouble happens in the best regulated families, and it is the suddenest thing in the world. It is even suddener than a bill from a plumber.

The sun may be shining and the little birds singing blithely and a man may be riding along a country road admiring the scenery and explaining the infallibility of his car to relatives or friends. He may be saying: "I have never had a particle of trouble with this car since I have owned it," when—BANG!!

And there is no more joy in life. The sun goes under a cloud and the little birdies hide their heads in their tail feathers.

The man doesn't know whether he has just lost $40 or $80, and he is afraid to get out and look. It all depends upon the size of the report. A loud bang like the boom of a thirteen-inch naval gun is supposed to cost $80, while a small bang like that of a firecracker is supposed to cost $40.

When he first speaks to the tire expert at the garage he thinks it is going to cost him $105. Tire experts are the world champion pessimists. They see nothing but grim destruction and despair, and they enter into a technical explanation of why tires was no good in the first place which would fill a volume as large as Noah Webster's more or less celebrated work on "Words I Have Met." They tell you it can't possibly be fixed, and if it is fixed it will cost in the neighborhood of $100.

Then when they have reduced you to the depths of desolation and send you away thinking you haven't a friend in the world they go to work and fix your tire for $2.50.

The average blowout is expensive in that it includes the following items:

Mental anguish	$5,000 00
Loss of time	4 00
Fixing the tire	2 50
Total	$5,006 50

FLIES!

Horse manure is the principal hatching place for flies.

It can be made sterile with coal oil, carbolic acid, copperas water or dry loam by mixing thoroughly.

Horsemen, stablemen, owners of horses and sanitary inspectors, pay attention! Cut this out.

Let 1913 be a flyless year.

Abe Martin

Who remembers th' ole time pebble goat shoes? Two kin live unhappier than one.

Voice of the People

The Woman Without Work.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—In reply to your article on "The Helpless Woman," I beg that you define to me clearly the meaning of "feminine illogic" so artistically used in the beginning. Somehow, it sounds hopeless, and very much like a man. I think this in itself would make a very interesting editorial for your feminine readers.

In your nice, hazy, masculine way, you state in your article that "there is too much false pride, and not enough of the real thing" as a reason for the perplexity of the case in question. Then you, unconsciously, agree with me in stating that there are millions of women now making a living who have not had her advantages. In my letter I stated that she was "educated above" (an unfortunate expression, I must admit), the earning of her daily bread. I should have said she was impractically, ornamentally and helplessly educated for such a purpose.

Your idea is that she should "get out and hustle." What a glorious twentieth century expression! So indefinite, and such an easy way to push off such problematic questions. You hint that stenography may be the means to this end. Possibly, the accuracy, daintiness and the rearranging of disordered English necessary would prove agreeable, and the salary as well, but you will note I delicately referred to her maturity, and there is an age limit to the nimbleness of fingers required for the intricacies of the typewriter, and the peculiar alertness of the mind to decipher the hieroglyphics of shorthand. And, too, do not the employers of shorthand writers have their "age limit?"

I agree with you that "one should not wait until forced to work," but the home duties of a faithful daughter, with an invalid father and delicate mother, though prompted by profound love, are none the less onerous and exacting.

It is so easy to say that any one can make a living, from a man's point of view, because since the time of Adam, or the beginning (for I very much doubt the existence ever of the gentleman), men have been taught to earn wages, while women have worked in the home just as hard, but without material compensation.

Could you mention other vocations besides boarding-house keeping, which, with the "high price of living," has about starved out the poor "keeper," and stenography, which age has debarred? I am asking earnestly.

J. JOSEPHINE SIZER.

The Home-Coming in 1915.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I have felt a great interest in the plan of a home-coming in 1915. I am very glad that an idea has been suggested in which all can so fully agree. I think you are to be highly commended for your interest, as expressed in your paper, and the timely suggestions in regard to the best means to be adopted to give our absent sons and daughters an old-fashioned Virginia welcome to their mother State. In addition to the suggestions already made, I wish to add one important feature, which, I think, will be of very great importance. Let the managers of the State Fair Association plan to hold a great State exposition in the fall of 1915, and let it extend for at least two weeks, and let this be the time for the celebration. At this exposition can be shown the great resources and rapid development of our State, as could be done in no other way. With this great show of progress, with the marvelous growth of our city, its beautiful streets and avenues, its large and improved buildings, its fine and lovely suburbs, and the hum of business, we can give our guests a feast, such as they have never seen. Let all of our people in the country and cities in the State unite to make this the great epoch in the history of our grand old Mother of States and statesmen.

During the three-score and ten years of my life what wonderful improvements have been made! When a boy we had to kindle our fires with flint and steel, or go a mile or more to some more fortunate neighbor for a chunk of fire. Let our city fathers do their best to make our city one of the best in this country, and give to our exiled sons and daughters such a warm welcome that they will be content to return to their old mother to abide in the future. I greatly admire your progressive spirit and your efforts to build up Greater Richmond, and much of the success will come through your timely and wise suggestions. Let the people of Virginia wake up and do their duty in this matter.

R. W. CRIDLIN.

Woodland Heights.

QUERIES & ANSWERS

"Lovers of Skye."

Please tell me the author of the new novel, "The Lovers of Skye," and where I may get it. M. F. TOLER.

Frank Walker Allen. Your bookseller will get it for you.

Japan.

Where may I find a clear statement of the treaty with Japan and the text of the bill before the California Legislature? MORGAN STROTHER.

Write the Outlook Company, New York City. They can send you copy of recent "Outlook" covering the matter.

Charity Patients.

Do any of the Richmond hospitals take charity patients? MRS. R. C.

All to the extent of their ability. You would do well to write to the superintendent, Sheltering Arms Hospital, Richmond, Va. This institution takes none but charity patients, and is in the first rank of efficiency.